

PECK'S BAD BOY



The Bad Boy Describes a Trip on the Suez Canal—He Goes Up Through Gibraltar in an Elevator—He Outlines a Gigantic Plan for the Capture of the British Fortress.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK
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(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowser.) Gibraltar, in Spain and England.—My Dear Foster Uncle: It seems good to get somewhere that you can hear the English language spoken by the Irish, and the English soldiers are nearly all Irish. When you think of the way the British government treats the Irish, and then you look on while an under-sergeant calls the roll of a company, and find that nine out of ten answer to Irish names, and only one out of ten has the cockney accent, you feel that the Irish ought to rule England, and an O'Rourke or an O'Shanassy should take the place of King Edward. It makes a boy who was brought up in an Irish ward in America feel like he was at home to mix with British soldiers who come from the old sod.

Dad says that there is never an army anywhere in the world, except the armies of Russia and Japan, that the bravest men are not answering to Irish names, and always on the advance in a fight, or in the rear when there is a retreat. Dad says that in our own army, and when the north and south were fighting, the Irish boys were the fellows who saved the day. They wanted to fight nights and Sundays, and never struck for an eight-hour day, or union wages. When the fighting was over, and soldiers were sick or discouraged, and despondent, an Irish soldier would come along, maybe on crutches, or with a bullet in his shoulder, and tell funny stories and make the discouraged fellows laugh in spite of themselves, and when another fight was on, you had to tie the wounded Irish soldiers to their coats in the hospital, or put them in jail, to keep them from forgetting their wounds and going to the front for one more fight. Dad says if there was an Irish nation, with an army and navy, the whole world would have to combine to wipe them out, and yet the nation that has the control of the Irish people



LOOK AT IT AND KEEP AWAY FROM THE BANKS

treats them worse than San Francisco treats Chinamen, makes them live on potatoes, and allows landlords to take away the potatoes if they are shy on the rent.

(Gee, dad looked over my shoulder, and saw what I had written, and he called me in the side of the head, and said I was an incendiary, and that I ought to have some enough not to write treason while a guest on British soil. Well, I don't care a darn. It makes me hot under the collar when I think of the brave Irish fellows, and I wonder why they don't come to America in a body and be abedmen and peddlers. When I get home I am going to join the Fenians and raise blunder just as quick as I am old enough.

Well, sir, we have been through the Suez canal, and for a great modern piece of engineering it doesn't size up with a sewer in Milwaukee, or a bayonet in Louisiana. It is just digging a railroad cut through the desert, and letting in the water, and there you are. The only question in its construction was plenty of dredging machines, and a place to pile the dirt and water that just came in of its own accord, and stays there, and smells like thunder, and you see the natives look at it and keep away from the banks, for fear the banks will cave in on them, and give them a bath before their year is up, cause they don't bathe but once a year, and when they bathe a year nobody knows about it.

Our boat went right along, and got out of the canal, because it was a small boat, but the most of the boats we saw were tied up to the bank, waiting for the millennium. We saw some Russian boats waiting for the war to blow over and as we passed them every Russian on board looked scared, as though we were Japs, that were going to fire a torpedo under them, or throw a bomb on deck, and when our boat got by the Russian boat the crew was called to prayers, to thank the Lord, or whoever it is that the Russians thank, because they had escaped a dire peril. I guess the Russians are all in, and that those who have not gone to the front are shaking hands with themselves, and waiting for the dove of peace to alight on their guns.

The Suez canal probably pays, and no wonder, cause they charge what they please to boats that go through, and if they don't pay, all they have to do is to stay out, and go around a few thousand miles. It is like a

ferry across a little stream out west, where there is no other way to cross, except to go around, and the old ferryman sizes up the wagon load that wants to cross, and takes all they have got loose, and then the travelers are ahead of the game, cause if they didn't cross the stream they would have to camp on the bank until the stream dried up. Some day an earthquake will split that desert wide open, and the water in the Suez canal will soak into the sand, and the steam boats will lay in the mud, and be covered with a sandstorm, and future ages will be discovering full-rigged ships down deep on the desert. Dad says we better sell our stock in the canal and buy airship stock. And talk about business, there is more tonnage goes through the Suez canal, between Mich-



AND GETS THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY

igan and Canada, than goes through the Suez, and we don't howl about it any more.

Well, sir, I have studied Gibraltar on my geography, and read about it in the papers, and seen its pictures in advertisements, but never realized what a big thing it was. Now, when I thought of putting that enormous rock right there on that prairie, but God, I suppose the English, when they saw that rock, thought the good Lord had put it there for the English to drill holes in, for guns, and when the fact was only somewhere else the English shooed the rock away from Spain, by playing a game with loaded dice, and when England got it that country decided to arm it like a train robber, and hold up the other nations of the earth.

When a vessel passes that rock it has to hold up its hands and salute the British flag, or get a mess of hard-ware fired into its vital parts, but that is all it amounts to, cause it couldn't win any battle for England, and could only sink trading vessels. The walls of the rock are perforated from top to bottom, with holes big enough for guns to squirt smoke and shells, but if the enemy should stay away from right in front of the holes, they might shoot till doomsday, and never hit anything but fishing smacks and peddlers of oranges.

Gibraltar is like a white elephant in a zoological garden. It just eats, and keeps off flies with its short tail, and visitors feed it peanuts, and wonder what it was made for, and how much hay it eats. Gibraltar is like a \$20 gold piece that a man carries in his watch pocket for an emergency, which he never intends to spend until he gets in the tightest place in his life, and it wears out one pocket after another, and some day drops through on the sidewalk, and a tramp finds it and goes on a bat and gets the worth of his money, and has a good time, if he saves enough to buy a bromo-seltzer the next morning after. It is like the Russian war chest, that is never to be opened as long as they can borrow money.

If Gibraltar could be put on casters and rolled around from one country to another, England could whip all Europe and Asia. It would be a Trojan horse on a larger scale, and be a terror, but, say, if it got to America, we wouldn't do a thing to it. We would run a standpipe up the side, and connect it with an oil pipe line, fill Gibraltar's tunnels and avenues, and magazines and barracks with crude oil, and touch a match to it, and not an Englishman would live to tell about it. Gee, but I would be sorry for the



PINCHED DAD'S WATCH

Irish soldiers, but I guess they wouldn't be there, cause they wouldn't fight America.

Well, if England ever has a big war, and she gets chesty about Gibraltar, and says it is impregnable, and defies the world to take it, I bet you ten dollars it could be taken in 24 hours. I was a general, or an admiral, I would have about 40 tank steamers, loaded with kerosene, and have them land, innocent like, right up beside Gibraltar, ostensibly to sell oil for perfume to the natives, who would all be improved by using kerosene on their persons. Then I would get on a harrel, on deck of my flagship, and command the English general to surrender unconditionally, and if he re-

fused, I would set a slow match on every oil vessel, and have the crews get in skiffs and pull for the opposite shore, and when the oil got on fire and rolled up all over Gibraltar, and burned every living thing, I would throw water from the fire department boat on the rock, and she would spit open and roll all over the prairie, and then I would bury the cremated dead out on the desert, and seek other worlds to conquer, like Alexander the Great. But don't be afraid, I won't do it unless they make me mad, but you watch my smoke if they peck on your little Henney too much, when he grows up.

But I haven't any kick coming about Gibraltar, cause they treated dad and I all right, and the commander detailed an ensign to show us all through the fortress. Now don't get an ensign mixed up with a unique, such as showed us through the Turkish harem. An English ensign is just as different from a Turkish unique as you can imagine. Every man to his place. You couldn't teach a Turkish unique how to show visitors around an English fortress, and an English ensign is a Turkish harem would bring on a world's war, they are so different. Well, we went through tunnels in the rock, and up and down elevators, and all was light as day from electric lights, and we saw ammunition enough to sink all the ships in the world, if it could be exploded in the right place, and they have provisions enough stored in the holes in the rock to keep an army for 40 years, if they didn't get ptomaine poison from eating canned stuff.

It was all a revelation to dad, and when we got all through, and got out into the sunlight, we breathed free, and when dad got his second wind he broke up the English officers by taking out a pencil and piece of paper, and asked them what they would take for the rock and its contents, and move out and let the American flag float over it.

Well, say, they were hot, and they told dad to go plum to, but dad wouldn't do it. He said America didn't want the old stone quarry, anyway, and if it did, it could come and take it. I guess they would have had dad arrested for treason only when we got out into the town there was the whole British Atlantic squadron lined up, with men up in the rigging like monkeys, and every vessel was firing a salute, as a yacht came steaming by.

Dad thought war had surely broken out, or that some rich American owned the yacht, but it turned out to be Queen Alexandra and a party of tourists, and when the bank played "God Save the Queen," dad got up on his hind legs and sang so loud you would think he would split himself, and a fellow went up and threw his arms around dad, and began to weep, and the tears came into dad's eyes, and another fellow pinched dad's watch, and the celebration closed with everybody getting drunk, and the queen sailed away.

Say, we are going to Spain on the next boat, and you watch the papers. We will probably be hung for taking Cuba and the Philippines. Yours, HENNEY.

INCIDENT OF A SEA FIGHT.

Captain of Chinese Warship Drowned by His Dog, a Ferocious Brute.

This strange incident of a great naval battle is told by Commander McGiffin of one of the Chinese warships in the battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and Japanese fleets in 1894, says the Chicago Daily News. "About this time the Chih Yuen boldly, if somewhat foolishly, bore down on the Japanese squadron's line. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water line by a heavy shell—either a ten-inch or a 13-inch. He that as it may, she took a heavy list, and thus fatally injured her commander, Tang Shi Chen, a most courageous, albeit a most obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself and charged one of the largest of the enemy's ships, intending to ram.

"A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship. The list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths. She righted herself as she sunk, her screws whirling in the air, and carrying down all hands, including her chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, shut up in the engine room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life buoys kept on the bridge and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk.

"Stories told by these men vary so much as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident: Capt. Tang had a large dog of most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sunk, Capt. Tang, who could not swim, managed to get an oar or some small piece of wood. This would have been enough to support him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing on him, forced him to release his grasp. Thus he miserably drowned and the brute shared his fate—perhaps the only case on record of a man being drowned by his dog."

Crows' Gold and Silver Nest.

A pair of crows have constructed a nest out of gold and silver spectacle frames purloined from the factory of Messrs. Lawrence and Mayo, in Bombay. The materials for this nest (of which the value is about \$30) were stolen by the wily crows during the luncheon hour. It was noticed that the spectacle frames were disappearing from the factory in a mysterious manner, but it was some time before the thief was discovered.—Allahabad Pioneer.

SUMMER HOUSEPLANTS.

All Plants Need a Season of Rest and Those for Winter Must Not Bloom in Summer.

The amateur plant grower often does not know exactly what to do with her house plants in summer. She knows something ought to be done, but just what measures to take is a conundrum. As a matter of fact, the treatment must depend something on the kind of plants and what is expected of them.

It is axiomatic that all plants require a season of rest. If we do not give it, they take it. If we want plants to grow and bloom out of their normal season we must arrange that they shall rest during their normal period of growth.

One method of giving them a rest is to place them on a shaded veranda and give them water enough to keep them alive but not enough to encourage growth. Another that is usually practiced among florists and therefore to be recommended as embodying the best results, is to pot the plants in as small pots as will admit the roots without crushing and plunging, in a hurry, the pot up to the rim in the garden or border. The pots must not be full of soil when plunged, because the plants must be watered just as if they were on a stand. About every two months or oftener if growth seems to require it, they should be repotted in pots an inch or so larger, to give the new roots room to develop, and to afford more nourishment. Pinch out all flower-buds, you are working to develop a plant to give flowers later and must not allow it to waste its energies in bloom. When it becomes apparent frost will come be due, give them a final shift into the pots in which they are to grow through the winter; cut off its roots that have grown out through the drainage hole, and shorten in the plants if necessary to give them symmetrical form. Place the plants for a time, transfer to a fireless room, and later to the place they are to occupy through the winter. Thus they will suffer no check in transference.

Many plants in the open ground in summer and take up old plants that have grown and blossomed through the season, expecting them to keep on doing the same through the winter. They won't do it. After they are taken up the leaves will turn yellow and fall, and the stalks will be bare and unsightly. It will take nearly all winter before they will recover.

With geraniums, it is best to start slips in the spring, or get a young but small-sized plant and grow it as above described through the summer; then you have a fine lustrous plant sure to give plenty of bloom. The geranium is rather neglected as a house plant; the foliage is brightly green and luxuriant and most varieties are kind in the way of blooming. The rose geranium, though old-fashioned, is to be valued on account of its sweet-scented leaves.

Those who have palm-trees, rubber trees and ferns are often puzzled to know how to treat them in summer. If set out of doors in the sun the leaves blister and the plants get a general disreputable look. On the piazza they are apt to get too much wind. The best way is to plunge them as recommended above, and protect them with a lath frame. This merely requires about six strong posts firmly set, to which lath is nailed with space between. The lath house may be one on the side protected from the wind. It is roofed with the lath in open spaces, and furnishes a thorough protection against the full strength of the sun, the wind and a possible hail-storm. The expense is small, and once built it lasts for years. Ferns to avoid spoiling the ends of the drooping fronds, may be set in a box of earth on an inverted box.

Watch must be kept for the red spider which is the peculiar foe of these class of plants. A daily syringing, especially on the under side of the leaves, is the most effective check.—Michigan Farm Journal.

Bleaching Piano Keys.

It is a common belief with most persons that the piano must be closed when not in use, in order that it may not be injured by dust getting inside. The majority of pianos made to-day are so constructed that dust cannot easily penetrate them, even when open. This careful closing will cause the keys to turn yellow, and for this reason, the piano should be left open much of the time. It is supposed that the room in which the piano is kept is not allowed to become very dusty, and that precautions to that end will be taken. If, however, the keys have become yellow, rub them with powdered pumice stone moistened with water, then cover the wood work of the piano carefully and roll the instrument up before a sunny window, letting the sun shine on the keys while still moist. This bleaching is a slow process, and may have to be repeated several times before satisfactory results are obtained. It is claimed by some housekeepers that the keys may be kept beautifully white by simply letting the sunshine rest on the keys hour by hour, day after day.

About Corsets.

Corsets are a good deal like shoes—they should not be large, but should be well fitted. The correct corset is a good brace and support for a woman, and it is dubious to fancy that a good, well-fitting corset is injurious. Women no longer lace themselves until they look like swamps in petticoats. The best corsets nowadays are very large about the waist, but snug over the hips and abdomen, where a woman should be supported. Any woman who knows how to dress is capable of taking a deep, long breath without hindrance. All gowns are made so that there is no discomfort about the waist.

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European Dailies.

Germany, which stands at the head of Europe for the number of its newspapers, has over 5,500, of which 800 are "dailies." England takes the second place with some 2,000, but has the most dailies, 809 in all. France is close behind with 2,500, of which a quarter appear daily, 11 or 12 weekly, Italy has 1,100, while in order follow Austria, Spain, Russia, Greece and Switzerland.

Novel Crow-Catcher.

In order to catch crows, which do so much damage to the growing crops, Italian farmers have taken to placing small pieces of meat in conical shaped paper bags, and smearing the inside of these bags with glue. When the bird puts his head in and finds himself blindfolded, he flies upward to an immense height, but falls near his starting place.

Fitting Punishment.

A good many people, when they get to the next world, says the Boston (L. T.) News, will find a short check on their neck and a set of harness on them while they will be hitched out in the sun, with flies biting them everywhere and their horses will look at them through screened windows and laugh.

Hydraulics.

"It's wonderful," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "to see what can be done with water power these days. I know a man over in the next county, the sturdiest man that ever lived, but his wife can do anything she wants from him by doing a little judicious weeping."—Chicago Tribune.

Panama Hat School.

A central school of hat making, and for the cultivation and improvement of tonquilla straw, has been established in the district of Arraijan (Panama). The school is provided for by government funds, and will be under the authority of the minister of public works.

As She Understood It.

"I could have married any girl I pleased in my younger days," said the old bachelor. "It's really too bad," rejoined the pretty widow, "that you were unable to find one you could please."—Chicago Daily News.

He Waited No Longer.

"You may refuse me now," said the persistent suitor, "but I can wait. All things come to him who waits." "Yes," replied the dear girl, "and I guess the first thing will be father; I hear him on the stairs."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Apparently Didn't Work.

Life Insurance Agent—My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you? Harduppe—Yes, I put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town.—Stray Stories.

OUST THE DEMON.

A Tussle with Coffee.

There is something fairly demoniacal in the way coffee sometimes wrecks its baneful malice on those who use it. A lady writing from Calif., says:—"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head. "I was unable to hold my head up straight, the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble, till a friend suggested that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee.

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headache ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up, and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished.

"We have never resumed the use of the old coffee, but relish our Postum every day as well as we did the former beverage. And we are delighted to find that we can give it freely to our children also, something we never dared to do with the old kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum Coffee contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but relieves the coffee drinker from the old drug poison. There's a reason.

SELECTED SCIENCE.

Fine gold has been found to be slightly soluble in a strong solution of yellow ammonium sulphide.

An experiment with vacuum tubes of several kinds by Herr Hess showed that external friction of the tube, such as rubbing with the free hand, stimulates conductivity within.

John Butler Burke, who, through the discovery of radiographs, has suddenly become the most talked of man in the United Kingdom as a man of science, is an Irishman, and was graduated from Trinity college.

Radium, like all other things, must be known by what it does. And so far as known, the doings of radium have no parallel in nature. The chemist has seen that it shines by its own light; and this not for a day, a month, a year, but for an illimitable period.

New smoke-burning appliances continue to use up a considerable share of the world's inventive energy. The promising idea of a Belgian chemist consists in drawing the smoke out of the chimney by an aspirator, and passing it through a filter of coke saturated with petroleum. The filter collects the soot, while the gases passing through are made combustible by the enriching with petroleum vapor. There is no loss, as the coke of the filter is an excellent fuel.



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